



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

the side of Mr. Bunworth went into the adjoining room, and in the tone of alarm inquired of the gentlemen there if they had heard the Banshee. Sceptical of supernatural appearances, two of them rose hastily and went out to discover the cause of these sounds, which they also had distinctly heard. They walked all round the house, examining every spot of ground, particularly near the window from whence the voice had proceeded. The bed of earth beneath the rose tree had been recently dug, and the print of a footstep, if the tree had been forced aside by mortal hand, would have inevitably remained; but they could perceive no such impression, and an unbroken stillness reigned without. Hoping to dispel the mystery, they continued their search anxiously along the road, from the straightness of which, and the lightness of the night, they were enabled to see some distance around them; but all was silent and deserted, and they returned surprised and disappointed. How much more, then, were they astonished at learning that the whole time of their absence those who remained within the house had heard the moaning and clapping of hands even louder and more distinct than before they had gone out, and no sooner was the door of the room closed on them than they again heard the same mournful sounds! Every succeeding hour the sick man became worse, and as the first glimpse of the morning appeared, Mr. Bunworth expired.

[Written for WATSON'S ART JOURNAL.]

LIGHT THROUGH DARKNESS.

With angry tread, swift pacing to and fro,
His chains harsh clanking as he fiercely strides,
Chafes in his narrow den
The Law's Offender!
Through the grim bars the moonrays silent gleam;
The night breeze stilly floats,
And bathes that sin-stain'd brow with heavenly air of freedom;
His tameless eye tracks the white cloudlets in their fleecy course,
And, envious, marks their boundless liberty:
Oh, were he free as they!
Could he but tread the earth as they in ether rove!
Fir'd with the thought, his arm he vengeful lifts
Against the unyielding bars, to rend
A sudden path from thralldom!
Vain his wild efforts! his chain, with iron tongue,
Proclaims his bondage!
Again and yet again, with passion strength,
His desperate gripe assails the rigid bars!
Firm in their granite bed they fixed remain,
Scorning in giant strength his furious words!
His bleeding hands, too weak to hew him out
Into the world again!
Worn with the conflict, on his pallet
Sinks the vanquish'd wretch,
And soon upon those haggard eyes
Kind slumber sets her pitying seal.

Over the head of the sleeper wave the broad wings of the Dream Angel:
Fond memories wake in his heart sweet visions of days that are flown.
Once more on the brink of the stream with the friends of his boyhood he roves;
Two friends, one hardy and bold, the other, meek, loving and gentle,

With hearts full of glee on they roam, the green lanes resounds with their laughter.
Ah, happy and innocent Youthtime, what joy in man's life can excel thee!
Majestic and slow down the sky to his couch in the West Sol descendeth,
And the thick coming shadows of eve softly gather and vanquish the daylight.
Night falls around, and at last, through the dusk wood returning,
With arms interwined, the three friends wander merrily home in the moonlight.
At the gate of the farmhouse they linger, till with many a parting injunction
They go, but he waits in the porch till their distant "Good nights" fade away,
Then enters; the bright vivid glow from the red cheery flame of the wood-fire
Falls full on his face, and his eyes meet the love-beaming glance of his mother.
Like sunlight his frank, happy face illumines the hearts of the household;
Soon couched at the knee of his sire, half recumbent on "Faithful," the watchdog,
With boyish exuberant glee he tells of his day's great adventures!
The father approvingly smiles, the fond mother chideth his daring!
So they talk, and the solemn old clock ticks on in the corner unheeded!
For in sweet, loving converse as this, who noteth the progress of Time!
But small grow the billets of wood, and fitfully in the wide chimney,
In shapes fantastic and weird, curls the smoke of the fast dying embers!
"To rest," and with fondest affection the blessing parental's bestowed!

Through the diamond tendril lac'd panes the moon pours her soft rays of beauty;
And caressingly play the pure beams o'er that placid and innocent brow.
A woman fair, loving and tender, bends over the form of her first born,
And sealed are the slumberer's eyes with the holy kiss of a mother!

Into the silent air go clanging forth
The prison bell's loud tones!
Full on his ear they strike, and with rude force
Restore him to his chains!
The night hath gone, and morn's fair light
Is o'er the sky diffusive spread:
So o'er his darkened life the vision sheds
Its penetrating beam, and calls him back
To that sweet time, ere sin had wooed
And won him from his primal innocence!
As from an eminence he views his sinful past,
Marks where from Virtue's path he wander'd first,
And tracks from faults to crimes his downward course.
Again he hears, when "Forger" brands his name,
His mother's anguished cry!
Again he sees her piteous face
When Justice—Crime's avenger—her stern hand uplifts
And smites him from the roll of guiltless men!
The old life battles with the new,
His eyes are tamed with unaccustomed tears,
Home memories rive in twain that harden'd soul,
And Light doth triumph over Darkness!
Prone to the earth he falls, and from his stricken heart—
That ark of Crime—to Mercy's throne
Ascends the Dove of Prayer!

With heart-wrung cries he prays, and unto Heaven
Doth urge his soul's great agony!
His voice in broken murmurs dies, his tears no longer flow,
His hands relax their clasp, but still his pallid lips
Do move as if in silent prayer for grace!
The warder comes, yet the loud bolt's harsh rattle
Wakes him not! They call his name,
But unto mortal summons shall he answer nevermore!
Frail human locks and bars, how poor your force
To stay the quittance of the soul!
He sleeps the last long sleep, and Death
Hath gently freed him from his chains!
Upon those rugged features rests a strange, soft smile,
As if, ere yet his spirit fled from earth,
That holy dove had borne unto his storm-tost soul
A leaf of hope from yon far heavenly land!
And the dead face yet shines as with the reflex fair
Of that celestial visitant!

ARTHUR MATTHISON.

MALAGA.—Signora Spezia lately took her benefit, when the opera selected was *Il Barbiere*. The theatre had never been so crowded since the Queen of Spain attended a performance in it some years since. The *bénéficiaire* was overwhelmed with nosegays and verses, while doves were let loose to greet her. But the admiration of the public did not stop here. It took a more substantial form in the shape of presents. Among them may be mentioned a gold crown with flowers of emeralds and rubies; an ornament of brilliants and pearls; another of brilliants and Roman mosaics. The last was a tribute from the lady subscribers to the boxes. All these were offered to Signora Spezia on the stage by a Committee of subscribers, who carried them on a chased silver salver. Sig. Aldighieri was the Figaro. There is a report that Signora Spezia, Sig. Aldighieri, and other members of the Italian company, intend appearing in some of the most popular *Zarzuelas*, or comic operas, and that they will sing also *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* in Spanish.

MADRID.—*Lucrezia Borgia* has been succeeded at the Opera-house by Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, and Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*. According to our contemporary, *El Artista*, Signore Penco, Sonneri, Tati, Signori Tamberlik and Bonnehée were all good in the first. In the second, Signora Majo had some "happy moments" as Maria; Signora Tati was successful as Gondi; M. Naudin gave satisfaction as Count de Chalais; and M. Bonnehée made an admirable Duc de Chevreuse.—The fourth concert given by the Sociedad de Cuartetos, took place on the 12th inst., at the Conservatory, when the following works were played: Trio in C minor (Op. 9), Beethoven; Sonata in C minor (Op. 30), Beethoven; and Quartet in G (Op. 76), Haydn. The executants were Sres. Monasterio, Lestan, Castellano, Quelbenzu and Perez.

UTRECHT.—The programme of the first concert given by the "Collegium Musicum Ultrajectinum" comprised: Symphony, C major, Haydn; Air from *Orpheus*, Gluck; Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn; and Overture to *König Stephan*, Beethoven.